



THE hour with its opportunity, its own individual beauty, comes but once.  
Grasp it!—Myrtle Reed.

## God's Country and the Woman

(Continued from last week.)

BEHIND him came John Adare, and from the south Kawisnoo and his Crees, a yelling, triumphant horde of avengers now at the very doors of the Devil's Nest!

Phillip staggered a step aside, wind-panting, a warm trickle of blood running over his face. He heard the first thunder of the battering-ram against the door, the roaring voice of John Adare, and then a hand like ice smote his heart as he saw Jean huddled up in the snow. In an instant he was on his knees at the half-breed's side. Jean was not dead. But in his eyes was a fading light that struck Phillip with terror. A warm smile crept over his lips. With his head in Phillip's arm, he whispered:

"M'sieur, I am afraid I am struck through the lung. I do not know, but I am afraid." His voice was strangely steady. But in his eyes was that swiftly fading light! "If I should go—you must know!" he went on, and Phillip bent low to hear his words above the roar of voices and the crashing of the battering-ram. "You must know—to take my place in the fight for Josephine. I think—you have guessed it. The baby was not Josephine's. It was Miriam's!"

"Yes, yes, Jean!" cried Phillip into the fading eyes. "That was what I guessed!"

"Don't blame her—too much," struggled Jean. "She went down into a world she didn't know. Lang—trapped her. And Josephine, to save her, to save the baby, to save her father—died as Munkie the White Star did to save the Cree god. You know. You understand. Lang followed—to demand Josephine as the price of her mother. M'sieur, you must kill him! Go!"

The door had fallen in with a crash, and now over the crime-darkened portals of the Devil's Nest poured the avengers, with John Adare at their head.

"Go!" gasped Jean, almost rising to his knees. "You must meet this Lang before John Adare! Go!"

Phillip sprang to his feet. The last of the forest people had poured through the door. Alone he stood—and stared. But not through the door! Two hundred yards away a man was flying along the edge of the forest, and he had come from behind the walls of the Devil's Nest! He recognized him. It was Lang, the man he was to kill!

### CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX.

In a moment the flying figure of the Free Trader had disappeared. With a last glance at Jean, who was slowly sinking back into the snow, Phillip dashed in pursuit. Where Lang had buried himself in the deeper forest the trees grew so thick that Phillip could not see fifty yards ahead of him. But Lang's trail was distinct—and alone. He was walking swiftly. Phillip had noticed that Lang had no rifle. He dropped his own now, and drew his pistol. Thus unencumbered he made

swifter progress. He had expected to overtake Lang within four or five hundred yards; but minute followed minute in the mad race without another view of his enemy. He heard a few faint shouts back in the direction of the Devil's Nest, the barking of dogs, and half a dozen shots, the sounds growing fainter and fainter. And then Lang's trail led him unexpectedly into one of the foot-beaten aisles of the forest where there were the tracks of a number of men.

At this point the thick spruce formed a roof overhead that had shut out the fresh snow, and Phillip lost several



The Splendid Farm Home on Engleburn Farm.

In our issue of Oct. 19 appeared a wireless of Engleburn Farm, owned by Mr. M. S. Burnham, Peterboro Co., Ont. The illustration herewith shows the beautifully situated home on this farm.

—Photo by an Editor of Farm and Dairy.

minutes before he found the place where Lang had left the trail to bury himself in the unblazed forest. Half a mile further he followed the Free Trader's trail without catching a glimpse of the man. He was at least a mile from the Devil's Nest, and heard sounds ahead of him. Beyond a clump of balsam he heard the voices of men, and then the whine of a cuffed dog. Cautiously he went up his way through the thick cover of the small open. In an instant it seemed as though his heart had leapt from his chest into his throat, and was choking him. Within fifty paces of him were both Lang and Thoreau. But for a moment he scarcely saw them, or the powerful team of eight huskies, harnessed and waiting. For on a ledge, a cloth bound about her mouth, hands tied behind her, was Josephine! At sight of her Phillip did not pause to plan an attack. The one thought that leapt into his brain like fire was that Lang and Thoreau had fooled the forest people. Josephine had not been taken to the Devil's Nest, and the two were attempting to get away with her.

A cry burst from his lips as he ran from cover. Instantly the pair were facing him. Lang was still panting from his run. He held no weapons.

free her hands, but it was only in a swift glance that he saw this. In the same breath he had dropped his pistol and was at Lang's side. They went down together. Even Thoreau, a giant in size and strength, would not have been a match for him now. Every animal passion in him was roused to its worst.

Lang's jaw shot apart, his eyes protruded, his tongue came out—the breath rattled in his throat. Then for a moment Phillip's death-grip relaxed. He bent down until his lips were close to the death-filled face of his victim. "The truth, Lang, or I'll kill you!" he whispered hoarsely.

And then he asked the question—and as he asked it Josephine freed her hands. She tore the cloth from her mouth, but before she could rush forward, through Lang's mottling lips had come the choking words:

"It was Miriam's."

Again Phillip's fingers sank in their death-grip in Lang's throat. Twenty seconds more, and he would have fulfilled his pact with Jean. A scream from Josephine turned his eyes for an instant from his victim. Out of that same cover of balsam three men were rushing upon him. A glance told him they were not of the forest people. He had time to gain his feet before they were upon him.

It was a fight for life now, and his hope lay in the fact that his assailants, escaping from the Nest, did not want to betray themselves by using firearms. The first man at him he struck a terrific blow that sent him reeling. A second caught his arm before he could recover himself—and then it was the hopeless struggle of one against three. She had seen Josephine stand free. She had seen Phillip drop his pistol and she sprang to the spot where it had fallen. It was buried under the snow. The four men were on the ground now, Phillip under. She heard a gasping sound—and then, far away, something else: a sound that thrilled her, that sent her voice back through the forest in cry after cry.

What she heard was the wailing cry of her dog pack following over the trail which her abductors had made in their flight from Adare House! A few steps away she saw a heavy stick in the hand of a Cree, and she tore it loose, ran back to the men, and began striking blindly at those who were choking the life from Phillip.

Lang had risen to his knees, clutching his throat, and now staggered toward her. She struck at him, and he caught the club. The dogs heard her cries now. Half a mile back in the forest they were coming in a fray, fierce howls. Only Josephine knew with she struggled with Lang. Under his assailants, Phillip's strength was leaving him. Iron fingers gripped at his throat. A flood of fire seemed bursting from his head. Josephine's cries were drifting farther and farther away, and his face was as Lang's face had been a few moments before.

Nearer and nearer swept the pack, covering that last half mile with the speed of the wind, the huge yellow form of Hero leading the others by a body's length. They made no sound now.

When they shot out of the forest into the little opening they had come so silently that even Lang did not see them. In another moment they were upon him. Josephine staggered back, her eyes big and wild with horror. She saw him go down, and then his shrieks rang out like a madman's. The others were on their feet, and not until she saw Phillip lying still and white on the snow did the power of speech return to her lips. She sprang toward the dogs.

"KILL! KILL! KILL!" she cried. "Here—KILL! Nipha Naa, boys—over-kill!—Here—Over-kill!—kill—kill—kill!"

As her own voice rang out, Lang's screams ceased, and then he saw Phillip dragging himself and his hands toward the knees. Then came a sudden surge in the pack, and those who could not get at Lang leaped upon the remaining three. With a cry Josephine fell upon her knees, clasping his head in her arms, holding him in the protection of her own breast as they looked upon the terrible scene.

For a moment more she looked, and then she turned her face on Phillip's shoulder with a ghastly cry. Still he partly dazed, Phillip stared. Screams such as he had never heard before came from the lips of the dying man. From screams they turned to moans, and then to a horrible silence broken only by the snarling grind of the maddened dogs.

Strength returned to Phillip quickly. He felt Josephine limp and lifeless in his arms, and with an effort he staggered to his feet, half carrying her. A few yards away was a small tree to which Lang had kept her. He passed it, carried, partly by the tree, and then he turned to the dogs.

Vainly he called upon them to leave their victims. He was seeking for a club when through the dense balsam burst John Adare and Father George at the head of a dozen men. In re-

(Concluded on page 17.)